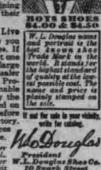
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BECAUSE W. L. Dougias has been making surpassingly good shoes for forty-six years. This experience of nearly half a century in making abose suitable for Men and Women in all walks of life should mean something to you when you

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"I was smoking my pipe when it came to me"

Which may, or may not, be a boost for Edgeworth

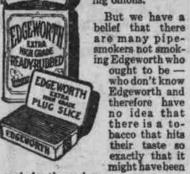
How many good ideas are born in a pipe of tobaccol There is something in the calm contentment of smoking a pipe that seems to open up the mind

A busy man, a thinker, whose brain is crisscrossed with a thousand impressions, finds that smoking his pipe vipes out most of the confusion leaves his mind clean, so that the new idea, the inspiration, has a much better chance to make its impression -as if pipe-smoking wiped all the chalk-marks from the blackboard of the mind and invited new ideas, new thoughts, and creative plans to out-line themselves thereon.

Lots of men get good ideas when shaving. Many more find their new ideas when puffing away at the pipe.

The right kind of tobacco is an important matter to a pipe-smoker—though, like breathing, he seldom thinks of it. Having settled on a certain brand, it becomes a habit to buy that. If the tobacco just suits his taste, it doesn't matter what its name is or what it costs—it becomes his tobacco.

Edgeworth suits many men. We presume there are some men who wouldn't like Edgeworth. It is a matter of individ-ual taste—like eating onions.



made for them alone

We want those men to try Edgeworth. We would like to hand them our pouch personally, but as that is impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send free samples to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them. Simply send a postal or a note asking for these free samples and they'll come to you by the first

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. In either form it is a moist, fragrant to-bacco that packs nicely, lights quickly and burns freely and evenly.

We can't promise that Edgeworth will make brilliant ideas come to you; but we are sure you will have a de-lightful amoke—and after all, that's all that good tobacco is supposed to

For free samples, address your pos-tal or letter to Larus & Brother Com-pany, 44 South 21st Street, Rich-mond, Va. If you will mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants-If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Girls!! Girls!! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura pap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c

Father Was Ready.

He-Do you think your father would be willing to help me in the future. She-Well, I heard him say he felt like kicking you into the middle of next week.-London Tit-Bits.

Fifty per cent of the world's gold comes from the Transvaal.





BEASLEY

SYNOPSIS-Newcomer in a small town, a young newspaper man, who tells the story, is amazed by the unaccountable actions of a man who, from the window of a fine house, apparently has converse with invisible personages, particu-larly mentioning one "Simple-doria." Next morning he discov-ers his strange neighbor is the Hon. David Beasley, prominent politician, and universally respected. With Miss Apperthwaite, he is an unseen witness of a purely imag-inary jumping contest between Beasley and a "Bill Hammersley." Miss Apperthwaite appears deeply concerned.

> 111. _3_

I do not know why It should have astonished me to find that Miss Apperthwaite was a teacher of mathe matics except that (to my inexperienced eye) she didn't look it. She looked more like Charlotte Corday!

I had the pleasure of seeing her op posite me at lunch the next day (when Mr. Dowden kept me occupied with Spencerville politics, obviously from fear that I would brenk out again). but no stroll in the yard with her rewarded me afterward, as I dimly hoped, for she disappeared before I left the table, and I dld not see her again for a fortnight. On week-days she dld not return to the house for lunch, my only meal at Mrs. Apperthwaite's (I dined at a restaurant near the Despatch office), and she was out of town for a little visit, her mother informed us, over the following Saturday and Sunday. She was not altogether out of my thoughts, howeverindeed, she almost divided them with the Honorable David Beasley.

A better view which I was afforded of this gentleman did not lessen my interest in him: increased it rather: It also served to make the extraordinary didoes of which he had been the virtuoso and I the audience more than ever profoundly inexplicable. My glimpse of him in the lighted doorway had given me the vaguest impression of his appearance, but one afternoona few days after my interview with Miss Apperthwaite-I was starting for the office and met him full-face-on as he was turning in at his gate. I took as careful invoice of him as I could without conspicuously glaring.

There war something remarkably "taking," as we say, about this mansomething easy and genial and quizzical and careless. He was the kind of person you like to meet on the street; whose cheerful passing sends you on feeling indefinably a little gayer than you did. He was tall, thin-even gaunt, perhaps-and his face was long. rather pale, and shrewd and gentle; something in its oddity not unremindful of the late Sol Smith Russell. His hat was tilted back a little, the slightest bit to one side, and the sparse, brownish hair above his high forehead was going to be gray before long. He looked about forty.

The truth is, I had expected to see a cousin german to Don Quixote; I had thought to detect signs and gleams of wildness, however slightsomething a little "off." One glance of that kindly and humorous eye told me such expectation had been nonsense. Odd he might have been-Gadzooks! he looked it-but "queer?" Never. The fact that Miss Apperthwaite could picture such a man as this "sitting and sitting and sitting" himself into any form of mania or madness whatever spoke loudly of her own imagination, indeed! The key to der some other mat.

. As I began to know some of my co-laborers on the Despatch, and and news of mutual relatives; I had to pick up acquaintances, here and there, about town, I sometimes made Mr. Beasley the subject of inquiry. Everybody knew him. "Oh, yes, 1 know Dave Beasley!" would come the reply, nearly always with a chuckling sort of laugh. I gathered that he had a name for "easy-going" which amount ed to eccentricity. It was said that what the ward-heelers and camp-followers got out of him in campaign times made the political managers cry. He was the first and readiest prey for every fraud and swindler that came to Wainwright, I heard, and yet. In spite of this and of his hatred of "speech-making" ("He's as silent as Grant!" said one informant), he had a large practice, and was one of the most successful lawyers in the state.

One story they told of him (or, as they were apt to put it, "on" him) was repeated so often that I saw it had ecome one of the town's traditions. one bitter evening to February, they elated, he was appr ached upon the taking him for a drive, I suppose."

street by a ragged, whining and shivering old reprobate, notorious for the various ingenuities by which he had worn out the patience of the charity organizations. He asked Beasley for a dime. Beasley had no money in his pockets, but gave the man his overcoat, went home without any himself, and spent six weeks in bed with a bad case of pneumonia as the direct result. His beneficiary sold the overcont, and invested the proceeds in a five-days' spree, in the closing scenes of which a couple of brickbats were featured to high, spectacular effect. One he sent through a jeweler's showwindow in an attempt to intimidate some wholly imaginary pursuers, the other he projected at a perfectly actual policeman who was endeavoring to soothe him. The victim of Beaslev's charity and the officer were then borne to the hospital in company.

It was due in part to recollections of this legend and others of a similar character that people laughed when they said, "Oh, yes, I know Dave Beasley."

Altogether, I should say, Beasley was about the most popular man in Walnwright, I could discover nowhere anything, however, to shed the faintest light upon the mystery of Bill Hammersley and Simpledoria. It was not until the Sunday of Miss Apperthwaite's absence that the revelation

That afternoon I went to call upon the widow of a second-cousin of mine: she lived in a cottage not far from Mrs. Apperthwalte's, upon the same street. I found her sitting on a pleas-



As I Began to Know Some of My Co-Laborers on the Despatch, and to Pick Up Acquaintances Here and There About Town, I Sometimes Made Mr. Beasley the Subject of Inquiry.

ant veranda, with boxes of flowering plants along the ralling, though Indian summer was now close upon departure. She was rocking meditatively, and held a finger in a morocco volume, apparently of verse, though I suspected she had been better entertained in the observation of the people and vehicles decorously passing along "Simpledorin" was to be sought un- the sunlit thoroughfare within her view.

We exchanged inevitable questions told her how I liked my work and what I thought of Walnwright, and she was congratulating me upon having found so pleasant a place to live as Mrs. Apperthwaite's, when she interrupted herself to smile and nod a cordial greeting to two gentlemen driving by. They waved their hats to her gayly, then leaned back comfortably against the cushions-and if ever two men were obviously and incontestably on the best of terms with each other, these two were. They were David Beasley and Mr. Dowden.

"I do wish," said my cousin, resuming her rocking-"I do wish dear David Bensley would get a new car of some kind; that old model of his in a disgrace! I suppose you haven met him? Of course, living at Mrs. Apperthwalte's, you wouldn't be apt

"But what is he doing with Mr. Dowden?" I asked. She lifted her eyebrows, "Why-

"No. I mean-how do they happen to be together?" "Why shouldn't they be? They're

old friends-" "They are!" And, in answer to her look of surprise. I explained that I had begun to speak of Beasley at Mrs. Apperthwaite's, and described the abruptness with which Dowden had

changed the subject. "I see," my cousin nodded, compre-endingly. "That's simple enough. hendingly. George Dowden didn't want you to talk of Beasley there. I suppose it may have been a little embarrassing for everybody-especially if Ann Apperthwaite heard you."

"Ann? That's Miss Apperthwaite? Yes; I was speaking directly to her. Why shouldn't she have heard me? She talked of him herself a little later -and at some length, too."

"She did!" My cousin stopped rocking, and fixed me with her glittering "Well, of all!"

"Is it so surprising?" The lady gave her boat to the waves egain. "Ann Apperthwaite thinks about him still!" she said, with something like vindictiveness. "I've always suspected it. She thought you were new to the place and didn't know anything about it all, or anybody to men-

tion it to. That's it!" "I'm still new to the place," I urged, "and still don't know anything about It all."

"They used to be engaged," was her succinct and emphatic answer. I found it but too illuminating.

oh!" I cried. "I was an innocent, wasn't IT "I'm glad she does think of him,"

I only hope he won't find it out, because he's a poor, faithful creature; he'd jump at the chance to take her back-and she doesn't deserve him." "How long has it been," I asked, "since they used to be engaged?"

"Oh, a good while-five or six years ago, I think-maybe more; time skips along. Ann Apperthwaite's no chicken, you know." (Such was the lady's expression.) "They got engaged just after she came home from college, and of all the idiotically romantic girls-" "But she's a teacher," I interrupted, of mathematics."

"Yes." She nodded wisely. "I always thought that explained it: the romance is a reaction from the algebra. I never knew a person connected with mathematics or astronomy or statistics, or any of those exact things, who didn't have a crazy streak in 'em somewhere. They've got to blow off steam and be foolish to make up for putting in so much of their time at hard sense. But don't you think that I dislike Ann Apperthwaite. She's always been one of my best friends; that's why I feel at liberty to abuse her-and I always will abuse her when I think how she treated poor David Beasley."

"How did she treat him?"

"Threw him over out of a clear sky one night, that's all. Just sent him home and broke his heart; that is, it would have been broken if he'd had any kind of disposition except the one the Lord blessed him with-just all optimism and cheerfulness and makethe-best-of-it-ness! He's never cared for anybody else, and I guess he never will."

"What did she do it for?" "Nothing!" My cousin shot the indignant word from her lips. "Nothing in the wide world!"

"But there must have been-" "Listen to me," she interrupted, and tell me if you ever heard anything queerer in your life. They'd been engaged - Henven knows how long-over two years; probably nearer three-and always she kept putting it off; wouldn't begin to get ready, wouldn't set a day for the wedding. Then Mr. Apperthwaite died, and left her and her mother stranded high and dry with nothing to live on. David had everything in the world to give her-and still she wouldn't! And then, one day, she came up here and told me she'd broken it off. Said she couldn't stand it to be engaged to David Beasley another minute!" "But why?"

"Because"-my cousin's tone was shrill with her despair of expressing the satire she would have put into itbecause, she said he was a man of no imagination!"

"She still says so," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"Then it's time she got a little imagination herself!" snapped my compan-"David Bensley's the quietest ion. man God has made, but everybody knows what he is! There are some rare people in this world that aren't all talk; there are some still rarer ones that scarcely ever talk at alland David Beasley's one of them. 1 don't know whether it's because he can't talk, or if he can and hates to: I only thank the Lord he's put a few like that into this talky world! David Beasley's smile is better than acres of other people's talk. My Providence! Wouldn't anybody, just to look at him, know that he does better than talk? He thinks! The trouble with Ann Apperthwaite was that she was too young to see it. She was so full of novels and poetry and dreaminess and highfalutin nonsense she couldn't see anything as it really was. She'd study her mirror, and see such a heroine of romance there that she just couldn't bear to have a flance who hadn't any chance of turning out to be the crown prince of Kenosha in disguise! At the very least, to suit her he'd have had to wear a 'well-trimmed Vandyke' and con sonnets in the gloaming, or read 'On a Balcony' to her by a red lamp.

"Well, sir, Dave's got something at home to keep him busy enough, these days, I expect."

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Southwest News From All Over New Mexico and Arizona

Daily passenger service between Phoenix and Winkelman has been resumed by the Arizona Eastern.

Mrs. John Hall, wife of a well known business man of Roswell, committed suicide by drowning herself in the lake of the Country Club at Roswell

The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co. will build a toll line to Gallup next year. The line will cost \$100,000. The right of way has been obtained and the material already or-

Yee Fong and Hu Hoe were held to the Federal Court by United States Commissioner John F. Hechtman of Globe on a charge of possession of three packages of yen shee (burnt

Burglars entered the home of John Hennessey of Phoenix and carried away fors and silverware valued at \$2,000. Members of the family were asleep in the house when the robbery took place.

Federal warrants must be secured by federal officers who wish to conduct a search of private homes for said my cousin. "It serves her right, liquor, according to a ruling by Judge William H. Sawtelle in the United States District Court at Phoenix,

Robert Smith of Miami, Ariz., was instantly killed when the automobile he was driving crashed through the railing of a bridge and overturned into a creek near Globe. Smith, who was unmarried, was foreman of a Miami

The new water and sewer systems which have been under construction in Lordsburg, N. M., for some time have been completed about fifty days in advance of the allotted time and will be placed in operation as rapidly as the connections can be made.

R. W. White, manager of the Cumberland group of mines near Hillsboro, N. M., reports the finding of some of the finest silver ore which has been taken from these claims. Twelve sacks of this ore has been tested out and will run from \$500 to \$1,000 to

Building programs calling for the expenditure of more than two million dollars were submitted to the Seligman commission to investigate the building requirements of New Mexico's state educational institutions when the commission met recently at the call of Arthur Seligman, chairman.

A body, believed to be that of William H. Brophy, millionaire banker of Los Angeles and Arizona, who went overboard and was drowned during a storm in the Gulf of California a month ago, was washed ashore on the west Mexican coast and discovered by fishermen, according to telegraphic reports from Guaymas received in No

Marcelino A. Ortiz, for years a leading Republican in Santa Fé county, county assessor and member of the Santa Fé City Council, was recently arrested in Santa Fé, charged in a criminal information signed by Assistant District Attorney A. M. Edwards with violation of the anti-gambling laws. Ortiz was arrested with three other in a recent raid.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Las Cruces, the new system for the lighting of the city streets was discussed. If the present plans are carried out ornamental steel posts will be set along the streets on which will be mounted 250 candle power lights. The total cost of the new system will be over \$2,000.

Warden Placido Jaramillo of the penitentiary applied to Governor Mechem for a requisition for J. W. Williams, alias L. R. Higgins, who escaped from a road camp in Socorro county July 18, 1918, while acting as trusty and who now has been reported in Oklahoma City, Okla. The application was approved by the governor.

There will be fifty-eight Democrats and seven Republicans in the sixth Arizona Legislature when it convenes early in January, according to the official roster of the memoership of thatbody, made public by Ernst R. Hall, secretary of state. The upper House will be composed of eighteen Demo crats and one Republican and the lower House will number forty Democrats and six Republicans,

Governor-elect George W. P. Hunt has announced the selection of Robert B. Sims of Florence for appointment as warden of the Arizona state penitentiary at Florence after January 1. The governor-elect also announced the selection of J. J. Sanders of Prescott as superintendent of the Fort Grant Industrial school and R. H. Thielmann of Somerton. Yuma county, as state sealer of weights and measures.

The country was urged to turn its attention to development of its resources by Governor Thomas E. Campbell of Arizona in an address before nearly a score of state chief executives attending the fourteenth annual convention of governors at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

If the plan of the farmers of that part of New Mexico are carried out, cotton will be one of the big crops of De Baca county during the coming year. It is said that there are hunireds of acres of land in the county which is well fitted for the crop.

Merchant Now Eats Anything on Table

"By the help of Tanlac I have overcome a case of nervous indigestion I had suffered from for ten or twelve years," is the emphatic statement of Norman W. Brown, well-known wall paper and paint dealer, of 218 N.

Cedar St., Charlotte, N. C. "My stomach was always out of fix and everything disagreed with me, I was troubled with heartburn and dizziness, and at times there was a pressure of gas around my heart that almost cut off my breath.

"Since taking Tanlac my digestion is fine. My appetite is a wonder and I eat just anything I want. In fact, my stomach acts and feels just like a new one and my nerves are as steady as a die. To put it all in a few words I am just the same as a new man. It's a pleasure for me to tell my friends about Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists -Advertisement.

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"Philosophers are plentiful." "You never run across one in the walting room of a dentist."

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You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs. Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

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It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in

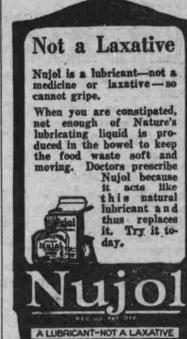
easpoonful doses. It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

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